

Save the Woodpeckers
WOODPECKERS are indispensable in the forest. Many trees in parks, like Boston Common and the grounds of Harvard have been cut down because of pests; in rural districts the larvae do little injury.

Magazine Page

This Day in History
THIS is the anniversary of the beginning of Louis Riel's second rebellion in 1885. He led French half-breeds against the Canadian authorities, was caught, tried and hanged on November 16, 1885.

Robert W. Chambers' Charming Romance JAPONETTE Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

A Delightfully Refreshing Story of Society and the Newly Rich, Wherein Love and a Woman's Way with a Man Play a Big Part.

By Robert W. Chambers,

Author of the Fighting Chance; The Maid at Arms; Males of Paradise; The Dark Star and Other Stories of International Fame.

IN that magic land, where troussaux are assembled and garnered by pretty brides to be, Silvette lingered, fascinated; but her rapid, intelligent survey was only preliminary as yet. She and Diana were merely en vidette; official inspection and an advance in force would follow later.

But, oh, the jewels and the furs and the lovely laces and the heavenly hats!

Every shop was now in full swing toward the culminating, scintillating transformation of Christmas: the avenue was crowded with flashing automobiles and carriages, the florists' windows were beautiful, the sidewalks crowded.

Men sold violets everywhere at street corners or offered enormous, orange-tinted chrysanthemums nodding on long stems; giant policemen on foot kept busy ward at every crossing; superb mounted police calmly stemmed the twin torrents and, with lifted hand, quelled the maelstrom.

Far to the south, in snowy magnificence against the sky, the huge marble tower brooded under its golden lantern above the city's roar; northward the naked trees of the park turned ruddy and golden in the eye of the level sun.

And all of it the two young girls beheld and part of it they were—sometimes aloft in the throng, sometimes in their limousine, looking out with enchanted eyes upon all this magic—magic only, alas! to the unspoiled eyes of youth.

From time to time Silvette had stopped at any convenient place to telephone Edgerton, calling him up at his various points of possible contact. She had telegraphed him the morning that they left Adriutha, which was the day before, but, as time passed, it became evident that he had not yet received the telegram.

Some days ago he had gone to Pittsburgh at Mr. Dineen's suggestion. On his way back he was to stop at Philadelphia and Jersey City.

Rivett said at luncheon that he'd probably return to his rooms before dining and find their telegram in time to join them at the Plaza for dinner.

But he didn't come, nor did any word arrive from him, and Silvette and Jack went off to the New Theater to see "The Thunderbolt" matchlessly staged and acted in a matchless theater; and Rivett offered to take Diana anywhere.

But the girl was sick at heart under her smiling, feverish gaiety, and the brilliant darkness of the streets seemed to mock her as she looked out into them.

Also, there was a chance that Edgerton might arrive late and telephone to somebody—perhaps even to her.

It was merely a chance, but her chances were few these days, and

MRS. LULA VANN FULTON, ARK,

Suggests to Suffering Women the Road to Health

Fulton, Arkansas.—"I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a soreness in my side. I would suffer so badly every month from my waist down that I could not be on my feet half the time. I was not able to do my work without help. I saw your Vegetable Compound advertised in a newspaper and gave it a fair trial. Now I am able to do my work and don't even have a headache every month. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound enough and highly recommend it to those who have troubles like mine. I am willing for these facts to be used as a testimonial to lead all who suffer with female troubles, as I did, to the right road to health."—Mrs. LULA VANN, Box 43, Fulton, Arkansas.

It's this sort of praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, given by word of mouth and by letter, one woman to another, that should cause you to consider taking this well-known medicine, if you are troubled with such symptoms as painful periods, weak, nervous feelings, miserable pains in your back, and cannot work at certain times.

she durst not pass one by, no matter how unlikely it looked. So she thanked Mr. Rivett, and preferred her room in the pretty suite to which he had invited Silvette and herself; and there she sat in her silken dinner gown, sunk into the velvety depths of a chair, watching the city lights from the window, waiting, listening—always listening with a hope that died and lived with her unquiet breathing; fading, flowering, waxing, waning, dead and alive between two heartbeats—the hope forever new—the only living thing which cannot die while the sad world endures.

Below her, far below, the lights of motors ran swiftly like passing meteors; the lights of carriages and hansoms streamed to and fro, yellow and slower; the lighted windows of street cars glided across her line of vision in endless, level repetition.

To the west the gemmed facade of the New Theater sparkled above the trees; northward the lighted jewels under the winter stars.

Into the high silence where she lay and looked out into the night, only a faint rumor of the city mounted from below; a tongue of flame rustled on the hearth; the clock ticked.

Suddenly silence was shattered in her ears; she sprang to her feet, one hand against her heart, her stuned senses deafened by the clamor of the telephone.

The next instant she was at the receiver—the receiver pressed convulsively to her ear:

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Yes; this is Miss Tennant."

"Yes—Diana Tennant. Who is it?"

"Yes; I will hold the wire."

She rested against the shelf, relaxing from the tension; then, rigid, electrified:

"Yes! Is that you, Jim?"

"Of course," he replied. "Are you at the Plaza?"

"Yes—all alone. Oh, Jim! I am so glad to hear your voice!"

"It's bully of you to say it. I'm delighted to hear yours. I have just come in and found Silvette's telegram on my desk. Shall I come around?"

"Will you?"

She could hear him laughing, then:

"Watch me," he said, "if the dust doesn't obscure the spectacle, I'll be with you in five minutes. Is that right, Diana?"

"It is perfectly right."

As though dazed she hung up the receiver in his nickel wishbone, and began walking aimlessly up and down the room trying to collect her wits and calm her senses. Outwardly composed, inwardly facing chaos, she threw open the window and turned her face to the coolness of the winter stars.

Then behind her the telephone sounded again. It was only the announcement of his arrival, and she closed the door of her room and went into the pretty parlor, where a maid was already turning on the electric lights.

His ring sounded; the maid admitted him into the outer hall, took his hat and coat, and ushered him in. Diana rose to receive him with smiling composure as the maid retired to the bedroom.

"This is very prompt of you, Jim—and promptness is the most subtle of flatteries. . . . How thin and white you look! . . . Are you perfectly well?"

"Perfectly. I need not ask that question of you, Rose of the Berkshires!"

"Do I really look well?"

"Flawless and dewy fresh—a trifle slim, perhaps. Don't they keep you in pheasants?"

"They do, kind sir. It's fashion, not slenderness, you behold. Never mind how its accomplished. But, Jim, you don't look well. Are they working you to death?"

"Not so you'd notice my decrease," he said laughingly. "I'm in the game, up to the neck, and swimming strongly. It's a fine game, Diana. No doubt generations of Edgertons on high look down on me and sing in unison the Anvil Chorus. It's a great game—this iron one. The iron is in me; I'm lanced through and through—it's flowing in my blood; it's in my bones. Iron! Iron! There is nothing to compare with it in all the world, Diana."

"Let me see your arm, Jim."

"Shall I take off my coat?"

"No; I'll just feel it—very gently."

"It's mended. Squeeze all you please."

"Was it here?"

"Higher."

"Here?"

"Lower."

"Here?"

"Higher."

"Jim, I believe you're just letting me fondle your old arm and waste oceans of sympathy on it!"

They laughed; he showed her where the fracture had occurred. She, gravely curious, explored his sleeve with timid fingers.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

Can't Tell When He's Licked.

IF some chaps stood in Johnson's shoes, they'd spend their days despairing, they'd tell the world their honest views and give their grievance airing, while sizzling epithets they'd use would a lot like swearing. If some chaps shared in Johnson's luck, they'd soon get sore and bitter; they'd kick and snort, they'd rear and buck, their words would fry afritter; belike they'd even run amuck, but he is no such quitter. For Johnson is the sticking kind, whose patience keeps on thriving, although mistreatment's wildest wind leaves little else surviving. He stays right with the daily grind, still certain of arriving. Yes, whatever breezes blow, you do not see him kicking; you never hear him sigh: "Yo, ho! for joys of easy picking!" One useful art he's mastered, though—the homely art of sticking. While some would call him sadly tricked and down and out and broken, he never hears the stern edict grim Fate has often spoken; in fact, he never knows he's licked, and that's the winner's token. However great the odds may be that are arrayed to beat him, Friend Johnson simply cannot see the obstacles that greet him; but sticks right on from A to Z through cares that should delete him. Where other men would cry, "I'm through, my fighting days are over, my woe would kill a kangaroo and so I'll seek for cover!" Bill Johnson seems as good as new, as glad as though in clover; so Bill's sort I've always picked for every big endeavor; no bang that fortune can inflict can dash his spirits, ever; Bill Johnson can't tell when he's licked, and so I call him clever.

Thine Own Worst Enemy

By NELL BRINKLEY
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THAT is the big struggle that lies in wait for most women who love and marry—the battle with the thing that uncoils from the usual sweetness of their hearts—the emerald-eyed monster we call JEALOUSY. You've got to have a valiant heart and a chin that wills, and you've got to lay this ghost for good and all

or you will stumble some day over the tiny corpse of Love, already cold and stiff, with his gold curls scorched and his tiny pulse that beats engine-like through life, still. For where the scales of jealousy rustle there is the death of Love.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Lovelorn Advice
By Beatrice Fairfax

Shall They Marry?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have been going out with a young man for a year and a half. We were planning to marry this year, but lately his salary was cut. He wants to part on that account, as he sees no future. I was also thinking the same way. We are both thirty. I told him to wait, as I was going to write you, and that we would abide by what you have to say.

ANXIOUS.

IF you are willing to work and help, I am sure you can manage nicely. People have managed on small incomes. Love makes up for many things, and if you have real devotion for each other, won't you be far happier working together and striving side by side and trying to make good with one another's help than fighting alone?



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Faces and Souls

By Dr. Wm. McKeever.

Widely Known Lecturer and Author and a National Authority on Juvenile Problems.

TEACH your child to look people squarely in the eye and to assume a firm, positive aspect of countenance when conversing with others.

An expressive countenance is what we desire in our children, a face suggesting character and individuality. Study, thinking and reflection on the purpose of the lessons to be studied and the things to be done will give your child a serious and yet happy facial expression.

A sense of worth, from being properly appreciated, will tend to draw the features of the young into comeliness. The baby face, the shrinking countenance and the "hang-dog" are very common among early adolescents, and they all suggest a certain lack of negativities of training in self-respect.

Even if your child is ordinary, he is decidedly good for something. Find out what his chief talent is—even if it is only whistling a happy tune—and praise him for it. Explain, approve, praise a certain line of achievement of which your boy or girl is most fond and is most capable, and watch the face stiffen and take on character.

Intelligent people are all the while looking for strong, expressive features, but such an attractive face has to be grown through combined exercise of the mind and heart. "As one thinketh in his heart so is he," and so also his face reflects the inner condition.

Much of the most valuable time of a promising youth is consumed in studying, thinking, planning, deciding, acting. And that calls for a firm-set jaw and a positive face—not mere prettiness.

An interesting face is a face with an idea behind it. Lights and shadows alternately flash across the vision when one is deeply in earnest. Even anger may at times give the countenance a charming appearance if there is a righteous cause at stake. Righteous indignation often wins applause.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES
AN INTERESTING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Mabel Storrs Takes the Cheerful View That Perhaps Rosa Cordova is Jim's Emissary to Catch Dick West.

By Ann Lisle,

"I SUPPOSE Ramon Cordova will come up here with documents—he'll probably be in a position to take direct action against Dick," said Mabel, thoughtfully, her fingers twisting at the slip of paper with the single line of purple type.

"Suppose Dick has managed to go out of town?" I ventured, dreading to make a more positive statement.

"Never fear—we'll get Dickie-boy dead to rights now!" laughed Mabel crisply.

"Down in the bottom of your heart, don't you wish he might escape paying, as he must—when he's taken?" I asked, icily, thinking of the pity women have a way of feeling for criminals rather than of Mabel's own position in the matter.

"No," she replied, thoughtfully. "No, I think Dickie himself is tired of his game of blind-man's buff. Maybe he doesn't know it, but I feel that in his own soul he's so sick of the whole ugly business he's started that he'd rather pay. He'd probably prefer going to prison than to go on dodging us—and justice any longer. And he might come out—his own man again. Leaving that match safe may have been an accident. It may have been bravado. But it tells the story of his subconscious desire—to end the chase."

"I wish you were right," I replied. "I wish he were ready to face the music. But he's schemed and planned, doubled and burrowed like a fox—and now he's gone out of our reach."

"Anne," gasped Mabel. "You speak as if you were sure."

"I am sure," I replied quietly. "He got away last night."

Then I plunged in, starting with an account of Lyon's discovery of the hotel where Dick and Dad Lee were stopping and plunging ahead to tell of the adventures of Carlotta and myself in the tower room, where we had mounted guard over Dad Lee so determinedly.

And while we were planted there Dick got away. I ended, shamefacedly. "I don't know just where I slipped up. I bungled matters hopelessly. I'm so miserable about it that it hurts to face

you—who might have succeeded, instead of making a botch of things as I did. I had my big chance to serve Jim—and I missed it."

"Cheer up. The time simply isn't ripe to get our friend Dick yet. I'm sometimes inclined to wonder if we are fated to get him until he's good and ready."

"You haven't given up hope?" I cried excitedly. "You aren't ready to acknowledge defeat? That isn't like you, Mabel. I won't believe it."

"You don't have to," she replied. "I think Dick is one of those persons who have to be allowed plenty of rope. In the end he'll hang himself."

There was a brooding quality in her face, a wistfulness in her voice. After all, Dick West is the first man for whom Mabel ever cared, and I don't believe any real woman ever forgets her first love, or gets to the point where she can feel there isn't some saving grace about him.

Suddenly Mabel put her hand to her throat with a gesture which had a suggestion of terror.

"I wish I hadn't said that. I wish I hadn't used those words!" she gasped.

"Don't be superstitious because you've happened to use a colorful expression," I murmured. "And now let's get back to what another idiom of our precious old language calls 'our muttons.' That would be this 'Cordova person.' I take it, Ramon, you say is his name?"

"It may be Ramon—it may be his wife Rosa. It doesn't matter which is coming to us," said Mabel carelessly. "We can be sure of one thing. No one comes all the way from Mexico unless there's a real mission to perform. I'll wager this means the clearing up of the whole queer situation down there in the oil fields."

"I hope it's Ramon—not Rosa. We need a man to help us."

"Yes, we do need a man to help us fight Dick West," agreed Mabel. "But as I remember that bright, vivacious, darling little hummingbird of a Rosa Cordova I think she might be able to hit some high spot we've overlooked and do more to undo Dick West than a dozen men."

"I hope she comes—if she's so attractive. She can accomplish more here than there." I stamped, conscious of my crimson cheeks and of Mabel's clear, inquiring gaze.

I've never known whether or not she understood the first ugly antagonism I felt for her in the days when her stately beauty made me doubly jealous of the woman Jim had given charge of his affairs in my place. Now that we are friends, I'd be ashamed to have this plain, lovely girl dream that I can love Jim as I do, believe in his love for me as I do and yet go half mad with jealousy when I see him kindle interest in another woman. Her answer told me nothing—and everything.

"Whoever comes to help us comes because of loyal friendship for Mr. Harrison. And I'm sure all his friends who learn to know you will learn to love you—as I do," she cried, gladly. "So perhaps for your husband's peace of mind we'd better hope he's chosen Rosa as his emissary!"

(To Be Continued Tuesday.)

MINE OF JET IN UTAH

WHAT is believed to be the first jet deposit to be developed in the United States is now being successfully mined in Wayne county, Utah, where recently mineralogists discovered the largest commercial body of the mineral known to exist in the world, says Popular Mechanics. Singularly, discovery of the jet was accidentally made by a party of miners engaged in assessment work for a copper company.

For ages jet has been prized for use in ornamentation. The possibility of carving the mineral into ornaments of rare beauty and delicate workmanship and of giving the black mineral a beautiful velvety polish has made deposits of jet widely sought for. Proof of its age-long use is given by the discovery in barrows of the Bronze Age of beads, buttons, rings and other personal ornaments made from the mineral. Its occurrence in Britain is mentioned by a Roman writer, and it is certain that it was used in pre-Roman times.

Bronze Old Shoes

When you find your party shoes are shabby, just give them a coat of bronze dressing, no matter what the original color—black, white or gray. You will be delighted with the result, and it is quite a saving in these days of high prices of shoes.



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